Chas. E. Morris

305

MEMORIAL.

CHARLES E. MORRIS.

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

CHARLES E. MORRIS was born on the 7th of March, 1844, at No. 70 Franklin Street, in the city of Philadelphia. His parents were William E. Morris, prominent for many years in that city and other places in railroad and engineering interests, and at one time president of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company, and Mary N. Burnside, of Bellefonte, daughter of Hon. Thomas Burnside, the distinguished lawyer, and justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

His family moved to Brooklyn in 1853, and, while residing there, he attended the Polytechnic College of that city for two years; and, after a year spent at Mrs. Dwight's boarding-school, in Clinton, New York, he entered the University of the City of New York, where he continued for two years. At the end of that time his own active spirit, strengthened probably by the influence of his father's example, began to long for some more energetic exercise, and he was allowed to remit his studies for a year, during which he was engaged in building the telegraph from Long Branch to New York, and also from the same place part way to Philadelphia. Afterwards he resumed his studies at Williams College, Massachusetts, where he passed two years, whose doings were with him always in glad memories. The charm of college-life, the birth and nurture of close friendships was pre-eminently his. Among the companions of those years were some of the friends of his life, the helpers in his marriage festivities, his bearers to the grave. No one, more than he, has left behind him the desolation of friendships that are broken.

It was from the day of prayer for colleges, 28th of February,

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1864, occurring while he was at Williams, that he dated his conversion, though he was naturally of a religious nature, and his life hitherto had not been without the beauty of godliness. He united with the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City, on the 10th of April, 1864.

His Sunday-school labors began in the Atlantic Street Mission, Brooklyn, and were continued among the factory hands at Williamstown. When he joined his family at Germantown in 1865, he took charge of a school in Fisher's Hollow, to which, in its growing state of prosperity as a Presbyterian church on Main Street, he afterwards paid frequent visits. On moving into Philadelphia proper, he taught the male Bible-class at Bethany Mission, and afterwards became superintendent of the Moyamensing Mission, now the Hollond Memorial Sunday-school. The crown of honor which he earned there has been fitly laid upon his dead brow, in these pages, by the pastor of that mission, and a more enduring one by Him who has chosen such as he to be kings unto God.

After graduating in the class of '65 of Williams College, he read law with Hon. William A. Porter, of Philadelphia, and, with the intermission of a serious attack of typhoid fever, continued in his office till admission to the bar, 14th of December, 1867. His professional record is best told by him who was his preceptor, and they of the Bench and Bar who took part in the memorial meeting.

In the summer of 1876, while travelling in the Adirondacks, he formed an acquaintance which ripened into his marriage, on the 17th of May, 1877, with Ella Graham Benson, daughter of Gustavus S. Benson, of Philadelphia. The beauty and happiness of their married life is a subject of too much sacredness, now, to be more than alluded to here.

In God's wisdom it was darkened, soon after the birth to them of a daughter, by his failing health. His robust system had never wholly recovered from the effects of the attack of typhoid fever, and finally, after a hard battle with the indomitable bravery of his spirit, it succumbed to the hand of disease; and in the endurance of pain and weakness, such as only he fully realized, his great soul went home by the thorny road of suffering, whereon were the footprints and the helping hand of his Master.

He died at seven o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 10th of February, 1879, at his residence in Spruce Street, Philadelphia, having been confined to his bed only since the Saturday evening preceding.

On the afternoon of the following Thursday, at one o'clock, the funeral services were attended by the family at his late residence, being conducted by Rev. Drs. Henry A. Boardman and John De Witt, his late pastors, and participated in by a choir of friends, who sang very feelingly a hymn that he loved, and that had been sung at both his father's and sister's funerals,—

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon."

More extended services were held at the church in the presence of a great throng of friends, including the scholars and teachers of Hollond Mission.

After these services, his remains were borne to Laurel Hill Cemetery, and, among the graves of his kindred, were laid beneath the snows. But we who loved him think of him not as there: still, by his memory, he makes beautiful the places where he was; and, from that in which he now is, another hand is beckoning, another voice calls us home.

L. F. B.

THE FUNERAL SERVICES.

AT THE TENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, TWELFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, PHILADELPHIA.*

THE services were opened by the choir, composed of older scholars from Hollond Mission, singing, "Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide," after which the pastor, REV. JOHN DE WITT, D.D., made the following prayer:

Almighty and ever-living God, who givest life and who takest it to Thyself, meet with us, we beseech Thee, as we have gathered under the cloud of this bereavement. Comfort those whom Thou hast so sorely afflicted. Teach us all to number our days, so that we shall apply our hearts unto wisdom. Give to us faith in Him who has the keys of death and the grave, so that the day of our departure shall be like the setting of the sun without a cloud in all his glory, full of promise of an endless day of blessedness that shall rise upon the morrow. And we will give to Thee, O ever-living God, our refuge in all generations, the praise of our redemption for evermore. Amen.

REV. J. HENRY SHARPE then read selections from Scripture, and the congregation sang the hymn, "I would not live alway."

The REV. DR. DE WITT said:

However long a life has been, and however natural a death has put a termination to it, the sundering of the tie that unites the body and the immortal spirit, always leaves the impression that death is an intrusion and an impertinence. If this is the case when an aged man sinks gently into his last sleep, how much deeper is the same impression, when the victim is smitten in the vigor of manhood, with large work still to do and with high hopes and ambitions as yet unsatisfied! Add to this the element of suddenness, or at least of unexpectedness, which, alas! how many deaths in our city have lately exhibited; and how mournful is the confession which the news elicits; "we are the subjects of an universal and capricious tyrant, and his name is Death."

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* These services, as well as the Bar meeting, were stenographically reported, by the kindness of R. A. West, Esq.

We have gathered at the burial of one whom his family, his church, his friends, his clients, his community could ill afford to lose. His endowments, his attainments, his fidelity, his character, his laborious devotion to whatever interests were committed to him, together constituted him a man who, in his younger life, gave large promise, and who, at the date of his untimely taking off, was bringing forth just the abundant and important fruit, which, at the beginning of his professional and religious career, those who knew him so confidently predicted.

I shall not err, I am sure, in saying that Mr. Morris was endowed with a strong personality, which made him a decided force in every body of which he was a member, and in the conduct of every interest in which his powers were employed. He was a factor which neither associates nor opponents could fail either to notice or respect. He was positive and dynamic. This forcefulness had its fountain in his deep and strong convictions. He was thoroughly loyal to his carefully-formed opinions and to his inherited beliefs. He had what we call "the courage of conviction."

Such a man cannot live in a community, even the brief life he lived, without impressing it for good or evil. It is impossible that he shall glide smoothly over the current of society, without disturbing its waters. More and more he will stir their depths. In the original meaning of the term, he has *character*, and of necessity he will make his *mark*.

When such a man takes the side of evil, when he yields to the perverse impulses which all of us have inherited from our common fallen ancestor, he does harm in no ordinary measure. He is not only a sinner, but he is a positive, persistent, and influential evil force. But when one so constituted and endowed takes a position on the side of the right, subordinating all the elements of his strong personality to the upbuilding of the kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, he is not merely a name on a Christian roll; he is a force in the Church of Christ; he is a positive and influential Christian; and his work will abide. This is enough to say; for it is much to say. We repeat with emphasis concerning him, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

I desire, in the few moments I have to speak, to produce the impression that Mr. Morris revealed himself to me as an exceptionally strong man, and that his strength was put forth always with singular courage and in real self-sacrifice on the side of the right.

Strength is sometimes rugged and forbidding. But our friend's life had another side. He was an enthusiastic lover of all that is beautiful in form and color and melody. He had quick sympathies also. His life was blessed with many warm and long-continued friendships, and his heart throbbed with love for the souls of men. Thus he displayed that combination which the Bible denominates "strength and beauty." It may surprise some before me to learn that his sensibilities were easily wrought upon. The reason is that he made use of their excitement in the one proper way. He did not permit himself simply to revel in this excitement. He transmuted it at once into self-sacrificing activity; and men lost sight of his sympathy in the charity or the labor which it so quickly called forth. But the children to whom he gave his best days, and who, when, on Monday evening last at Hollond Memorial Chapel, they heard of his death, poured forth bitter and abundant tears, knew better; and indeed all knew better who came near enough to him really to know him.

This was a noble life! and, though ended in what we hoped was his mid-career, we have no regrets for his sake. Our sympathies are deep and tender for those whom he has left behind him. But our sympathy is not needed by him. His are the white robe, the palm, and the crown. His are the joys of larger work and better worship. His is the rapture of the open vision of the Lord, to whom and to whose kingdom he gave himself a living sacrifice.

Let us pray:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, we come to-day in the exercise of sympathy, as godly men carried Stephen to his burial and made lamentation over him. But we come to Thee, O Lord our God, thanking Thee for all Thou hast revealed of the meaning of death to Thy people. We know that death is inevitable, that no vigilance can shun his approach, that no power can stay his arm, that he heeds not the voice of entreaty, and is callous to the agony of bereavement. We know that when he strikes, youth and beauty and vigorous manhood as well as age fall, and are gathered into the darkness of the tomb. We do not question the righteousness of this destiny. It is Thine ordination, O God, and it must be right. We bow our hearts to Thy will, and say, "Thy will, not ours, be done." But we beseech Thee, comfort those that mourn, look upon the family in life that Thou hast so sorely bereft. Be with the widow, and, as she goes out in this wilderness of grief, tell her to lean upon the Lord as on her beloved. And bless that mother whom Thou hast again stricken in Thy mysterious providence. O Thou, our God, be near to her and give to her, as Thou alone canst, beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. And a little child is left fatherless. O Thou, who art the God of the fatherless, be very near to this little one. Grant that as she grows in years she may follow in the steps of her father as he followed Christ. Bless, we beseech Thee, all the influences of his life. Being dead, may he yet speak. May we learn the lesson that Thou wouldst teach us by his life of devotion to Thy cause, of loyalty to the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of love for souls; and teach us the lessons Thou wouldst have us learn from his death. May each one of us also be ready, knowing, that in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man will come.

Let thy servants who shall speak to us speak the right words.

Go with us from this service to the grave. We beseech Thee, animate our hearts with the feeling that Thou dost permit us to cherish in Jesus Christ, who is the Resurrection and the Life. May all of us have part in the resurrection of the just, and spend, our souls and bodies reunited, an eternity of joy in Thy hope and presence; and we will give to Thee the praise for evermore. Amen.

Rev. Louis R. Fox said:

Although this is a day of sorrow, of profound, heart-felt, and wide-spread sorrow, it is not, as it ought not to be, a day of gloom. Though we mourn and must mourn over what we lose in the departure of our friend, yet he is not lost even to us, for we know whither he has gone and into what presence and companionship he has been admitted, not to sojourn but abide. And sympathizing with him in that joy of his Lord in which he has entered, we must, though we sorrow, yet rejoice; and this cannot be a day of gloom, because, whatever appearances may be, this event is significant not of defeat but of victory. Many a battle has been fought, many a contest has been waged, and now the last conflict is over, and the result is victory, and the fruit of that victory, everlasting peace. And the good soldier, having fought in the might of the Great Captain of his salvation, now walks with Him in white, bearing the palm in his hand, and singing the song of victory. Whatever appearances may be, however we may look at it in our earthly feebleness and our earthly ignorance, this is not an untimely event. We, in our foolish way, call this the end of life, but that is not so. It is life's beginning. He, concerning whom should we say it, whose life is ended, has been ushered into the true life. Nothing is untimely that is appointed by God. This event was appointed by infinite wisdom, guided by infinite love, to happen at this time and at no other, and therefore it is not untimely; and though the prospects which were so bright seem to be quenched, it is only as the light of the most brilliant stars is quenched by melting into the perfect day; and, though the work seems to us to have been untimely brought to a close; though, as has been said, so much remained to be done which it seemed possible for him to do, yet we know that when the work fell from his failing hands it was taken up by the hand of Infinite Grace, and fashioned and shaped into completeness, and pronounced, through the merits of Him for whom the work was done, to have been a completed work, and done in all love of Him, and in dependence upon Him by whose strength alone that work was wrought. And it has been pronounced very good, and accepted as such.

But this event, dear friends, though it does not involve us in gloom, speaks to us. It speaks to our hearts, as you well know, and it turns us to what our loss is, though it be associated in our minds with the comfort which the faith of Christ brings to our hearts. We look, to-day, standing as we do, compassed about with the mist and darkness that fill this troubled land, we look up, and, with a vision far keener than mortal sight, behold by faith our brother entering his Father's house, receiving the Father's welcome, sitting at the Father's table, full of the bliss which the Father's presence gives, radiant with the glory which the Saviour says His ransomed ones shall share. Yes, there is a voice of comfort, but there is a voice of admonition. And, just in one word, let me ask your attention to that,—the voice of admonition. Ye who were his companions in the walks of business, his professional friends, is there not here a voice of admonition to you? Have you not seen how it is possible to be diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord? how it is possible for an earnest, eager activity in an honorable calling to go hand in hand with loving zeal and earnest activity in the Master's service? Oh, is that not an admonition to you? Work, work, while it is called to-day, for the night cometh! O you soldiers of Christ, you who stood by him, worked with him, shared his sympathy, his labors, and his prayers, is there not here an admonition as well as encouragement to you? When, in the thick of the conflict, the standard-bearer falls, have not we always seen that there are brave men to reach forward and seize the tottering standard lest it shall fall and meet the dust? Are there not always brave men to reach forward and hold it aloft where all may see, both friends and foes alike, that there are still brave arms and stout hearts ready to uphold the cause, and to press forward unto victory? Now, then, see to-day the standard-bearer has fallen. Who, who, who will hear the animating voice which comes from this event saying, "Take, oh, take, his place"? Fill up, O soldiers of Christ, the ranks! Move forward, close and serried in your array, because there is much to be done. The enemy is alert and vigilant. The hosts of the opposing foes are numerous, and their plans are wide-reaching and craftily laid. But one has fallen. Who, who will take his place? Dear friends, let us listen to-day to the voice of Providence, the voice of our God. Let us listen to the voice which comes out of this life to us to-day. Hearing, let us obey, that our souls may live.

Rev. J. Henry Sharpe said:

A worthy tribute to the memory of him whom this whole congregation mourns to-day would be a chaplet of many wreaths. One of them would be commemorative of his Christian character as a worshipper in this sacred house, and of his faithfulness as a member of its Board of Trustees. One of them would be an acknowledgment of his services as a member of the Board of Education, which office he bore under the appointment of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. Another wreath would be the testimonial of the Young Men's Christian Association of this city, in which, as one of its Board of Managers, he was an active and leading spirit. Still another garland would be rich in the tributes of the eminent gentlemen of the Bar, the judges, his professional brethren, his fellow-laborers in the law, whose eloquent and tearful eulogies it was my privilege to hear in the Supreme Court room only yesterday. An uncounted host of personal friends, who admired and loved him as one who graced and enlivened their social circles, would not be satisfied without some expression of their sense of his worth, and of their personal loss in his departure. But it is my privilege to-day, my friends, in my feeble measure, to speak of him in relation to a sphere of life and labor, and to hundreds, and I had wellnigh said thousands, of personal friends and fellow-laborers, whose homage, I will venture to add, is no less honorable than true and tender and affectionate.

Charles Ellis Morris was endowed with varied talents, and figured in many spheres, and in them all was a man of mark. But in none of them was he more conspicuously gifted and useful than in the superintendency of what, mainly through his labors, is so widely known as the Hollond Memorial Sabbath-school. Into this institution went the one work of his life, which will be as well his own enduring monument as the beautiful memorial of the noble woman whose name it bears.

No one will withhold from him the praise of being not only the prime mover, but the creator, the organizer, and administrator of this great and useful Sabbath-school. I abate nothing of the honor and gratitude due to the benevolent lady who laid her treasure at the feet of the Master, with the parting prayer that he would rear a Sabbath home for his houseless children; I intercept no ray of the award due to the residuary legatee, to whom legally her legacy had lapsed, and who, as her pastor and spiritual adviser, gave shape and character to her purpose, if he did not inspire it, and who afterwards appealed so effectively to the congregation to supplement her bequest; I in no sense lessen the debt of the Christian public to this congregation, its honored senior pastor, and his sainted friend and parishioner for the joint result of their beneficence, when I ascribe so large a measure of honor to the agency and efficiency of its first and only superintendent. The work itself was one which was not possible, save by such a combination of causes. And when we trace the chain of sequences by which an all-wise Providence was preparing the way for this beneficent project, the benevolent founder, the prayerful and faithful pastor, the wealthy and willing people, and a large and destitute field, to all human judgment it would yet have availed nothing if some one had not been chosen, equipped, and called to lay hold of the project who was so peculiarly and remarkably fitted to the work as was Charles E. Morris. His character, his talents, his education, his professional habits, his social position, as well as his personal experience in Sabbath-school work, all reveal him to have been divinely prepared and called to do the special work which he accomplished with such surprising success. The location of the building, the plan of its structure, the work of its erection, its remarkable adaptation to its uses, no less than the Sabbath-school itself with its complete organization, its great corps of teachers, and its roll of nearly a thousand scholars, all bear the unmistakable stamp of his shaping genius.

The memory of such a man is to be preserved and cherished. But where is the artist so daring, as will undertake to do justice to his portrait? How much must be omitted in even the fullest sketch of his strong and versatile character? His characteristics as a superintendent and worker in the Sabbath-school are alone worthy of an extended discourse. And, on this occasion, you will pardon me if I only allude to one or two of these distinguishing traits.

And who that knew anything of him as a Sabbath-school worker, did not recognize his eager, soaring aspiration to be useful? He was in earnest, but it was not his downright earnestness in all that he undertook so much as his upspringing hopefulness, his onreaching and determination to do more work and better, and, if possible, to surpass himself in it, that ever distinguished him. He was animated by a noble ambition to make full proof of all the possibilities of his position. With a laudable pride in his school, he was determined to carry it to the highest degree of efficiency and success. Energetic, thorough-going, shrinking from no self-sacrifice, devoting his time, his talents, his means, his influence to his work, he could never be satisfied with only moderate success. The spirit of "excelsior" was ingrained and organic in his spiritual constitution. His natural ambition, however, was sanctified and consecrated to the service of his Master, in the persons of the children. It was not personal aggrandizement, but generous disinterested devotion to the welfare of the young, which was the mainspring of his unsparing labors. It was a genuine, enthusiastic, passionate love for the work, as the outlet of his affection for the children, and of his consecration to his Saviour and theirs, which led him to pour the undivided current of his whole nature into the work.

In unison with this, and flowing out of it, I would also mention the progressiveness of his spirit and methods, as a distinguishing trait. He was always learning, always growing, and therefore always aggressive in his aims and labors. Every stage of progress reached was only a vantage-ground for still other and further improvements. No superintendent was better versed than he in all the advanced methods and agencies pertaining to the Sabbath-school, which have given it such prominence and usefulness in these days. With instant appreciation and vital assimilation, he adopted and used suggestions from any source soever. He was ever on the outlook for new and fresh methods, for some telling truths, some inspiring lessons, which he could reproduce for his teachers and scholars. His fellow-superintendents in this and neighboring cities can testify that he was ever taxing them for their secrets of success, and imparting his own, as well as receiving and cherishing theirs. I well remember a Sabbath last winter, when meeting him accidentally in New York City, we spent the day in visiting some of its prominent mission-schools, among others the one of which you, sir (Rev. Mr. Schauffler), are the honored pastor; and when, a short time afterwards, I became pastor in charge of the Hollond Memorial Chapel, I could not but admire the vital and the vigorous way in which he applied some of the lessons which he acquired that day. But he was inventive as well as assimilative, and his brain was ever teeming with plans and expedients for the advancement of the school. He magnified his calling and felt it his duty to make the most of his special vocation. If ever he seemed less careful of other departments of work than those in which he was personally concerned, it was only because he believed he could thus best stimulate the works of others by being as forward and aggressive as possible in his own. And if, in his progressive and aggressive way, he proposed any measures which seemed of doubtful expediency, he yet was ever ready to yield to constituted authority. Not by nature conservative, yet his native good judgment, his respect for established authority, as well as his professional training, rendered him a safe and useful servant of the Church. It is to be said in his honor, that, if he did not agree always with those who had oversight of the mission in its management (and he was always outspoken in his convictions), he yet submitted to adverse decisions with a grace which was all the more becoming in one so positive and decided.

I hasten, however, to mention a quality most difficult to characterize, because it was the fused expression of the totality of his nature as a man and as a Christian. How shall I worthily describe that magnetic inspirational influence, whose magic wrought on every one about him! It was not his stirring, penetrating voice; it was not his winning, genial, buoyant presence and address; it was not his insight, his intuition, his swift, unerring judgment; it was not his knowledge of human nature and his unfailing tact in touching the springs of the human heart; it was not the ardor of the noble sentiments and affections which ever inflamed his own soul; it was not his masterful will, dominating even when seeming to yield, and ever in the van of associated effort; it was not any of these: it was all of them combined which rendered him a born and a natural leader, not in Sabbath-school work alone, but in any sphere he entered. Drawing about him by elective affinity a band of teachers of kindred spirit, who were at once his ardent personal friends and active, efficient supporters, he animated them with his own enthusiastic, hopeful spirit. But it was when wielding his vast influence over the assembled multitudes of children in the Sabbath-school that his peculiar power was most apparent. It was a spectacle of inspiring entertainment simply to see how hundreds of minds and hearts responded to his will, like an army under its trusted and beloved commander. In the teachers' meeting, in the parents' and children's meeting, in the mothers' meeting, in the sewing-school, especially at the anniversaries of the latter, he exercised his versatile gifts so as ever to be the very centre of their life and enjoyment. He had wit and humor, and knew when to use them, and never derogated from his dignity as their revered superintendent when he sang them a college song, playing his own accompaniment, or read to them some animating story, which he rendered with rich and rare felicity.

Was it wonderful that such a man should have been one of the most remarkably successful superintendents of which this city can boast? For successful he was to a degree which made his name known from one side of the city to the other. The school itself and all pertaining to it—as we have already said—will be his enduring monument. He was one whom God raised up in a peculiar exigency to do a peculiar work. It was his mission to do foundational works, and he had just the talents to fit him for it, and this is now the more apparent to us as being his calling of God, that his work was made to terminate with this. It is a rounded and complete work in itself, though, had he been spared, he would doubtless have built a life-work into its spiritual superstructure also. And therefore, when called away, had he been permitted to leave a farewell word to his fellow-teachers and future successors in office, would it not have been in the words of that grand old mission-worker who said, "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise master-builder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon; but let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon"?

And, alas! how wofully will he be missed in the Hollond Memorial Chapel! But a wise master-builder he was, and therefore I believe his work was so done as to endure. It would greatly lessen my high sense of the value of his work, if I felt that it was not laid on foundations impossible to be overturned. The corner-stone on which he erected it was not his own mortal strength, but the Rock, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. It was not love to himself alone, but love to the One whom he called Lord and Master, to which he ever appealed; and therefore his work will endure, and his fellow-laborers will serve the Lord with the same fidelity which animated their beloved superintendent. His memory will have talismanic power with them as long as their hearts continue to beat; and the very place will ever be redolent with the fragrance of his sweet and ever-living presence. Already, indeed, is our beloved chapel rich in mural tablets and memorial windows, and already there are many who pause and ponder them with the awe and reverence and grateful affection kindred to that which is felt as one wanders through some storied abbey. But it will not be some mural ornament, some blazoned memorial window, "richly dight" with suitable inscriptions, which will be the most affecting and enduring memorial of Charles E. Morris; it will be in the hearts and lives and in the final blessedness of the multitude who, through him, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Rev. A. Frederick Schauffler said:

The moments are now fast passing, and the duties of life call upon us, and we shall soon mingle with the world once more. But, before we have seen our last of him whose mortal remains are before me, I wish to detain you for two or three brief moments. It was my privilege to be with Charles E. Morris in college, as a fellow-student with him, and it was my privilege to notice the time when the spirit of God touched his heart, and he became a Christian man, and it has since then been my privilege and my joy to see how the grace of God has wrought in his heart to make him a power for good. Religion in him has not been an idle thing. It has not been a thing for the Sabbath-day which he laid aside on week-days. It has not been a thing which did not go deep into his heart and life. It went through every thought; it animated every motive; I believe it stimulated every pure and every holy desire, and it gave him that power of mind of which we have heard to-day. But I just desire to bring my little chaplet to-day as a mission-worker in a distant city, and lay it here on this coffin as my poor testimonial, and I want to say that through God's grace I feel that I have been enabled to live a more useful and a better life, because Charles E. Morris was doing his duty. He was earnest in working for God, faithful and truthful, and the results of his labors were not confined to Philadelphia, for we felt their influence in our mission-work in New York, and that which he did in Philadelphia was a stimulus to us in our own labors; and

I bless God to-day that I knew him, and that I knew him as a Christian man.

And now, if he could come back to us, what would he tell us of his past life? What would he count as the dearest thing he had been permitted to do in this world? I do not believe that he would point to any of his legal successes, and say those were the grandest things he had done here. I do not believe that he would point to any social influence he might have had, and say that it was the dearest to his heart. I do not believe that he would point to the acquirement of any earthly wealth, and say that was the dearest thing to him, but I believe, if he could point to some mission-girl whose heart he had strengthened, whose tender steps he had led to the Lord Jesus Christ, whom he had comforted in some moment of sorrow or darkness, he would have said that it was his greatest privilege, and that such was the grandest work of his life, for which he blessed God most sincerely. He would have said, "If I went into any house where there had been affliction, and there was able to comfort those that mourned, I thank God for that act more than for any earthly work or any earthly triumph that I ever achieved." If he has strengthened his teachers in the Hollond Memorial Mission to do better work for Christ, to build more permanently, to build for eternity, to build on the stable foundations of Christian character, I believe he rejoices over that to-day; and if his influence shall abide in the Hollond Mission, and shall abide in this Church, and shall abide in Philadelphia, in the hearts and lives of men, I believe that is the work of his life here for which he will give praise and rejoice forever in the world to come.

I close. You who knew him better than I did, knew how brave and earnest and true he was in his Christian character, and you cannot but feel with me when I say that I know I have been a better man because of the influence of the Christian character of his life. And, dear friends, while we know that he lived and worked for us, let us learn the lesson that the problem of Christian growth and character is the only stable thing in this world or in the world to come. It is the grandest thing that is given to you and to me, and God grant you, teachers in the Hollond Memorial Mission, and God grant to all of us, to be true followers of the Lord Jesus Christ, as we believe he was, that we may be united with him forever in the kingdom of God; that, like him, we may bring with us our crowns of rejoicing. God grant to every one of us this great blessing.

The congregation then sang the hymn, " Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," after which the service closed with the benediction.

THE MEETING OF THE BAR.

A MEETING of the members of the Philadelphia Bar was held on Wednesday, February 12, 1879, in the Supreme Court room, Broad and Market Streets, in reference to the death of Charles E. Morris, Esq.

At ten o'clock, George Junkin, Esq., called the meeting to order, and moved that Mr. Justice Gordon, of the Supreme Court, be elected chairman of the meeting.

The motion was agreed to; and, on motion of Mr. Junkin, Henry J. McCarthy and Edwin S. Dixon, Esqs., were appointed secretaries.

CHARLES E. MORGAN, JR., Esq., said:

Mr. Chairman,—We have been called together this morning by the sad and startling news of the sudden death of one of our number, Mr. Charles E. Morris. Sad, it certainly is, to those of us who were upon terms of intimate acquaintance and friendship with the deceased. Startling it is also to all of us thus violently to have impressed upon us the mysterious and awful power of death. But yesterday Mr. Morris was apparently in good health, and as likely to live to a good old age as most of us here present. To-day nought is left to us but his lifeless body.

It was my good fortune to be among those who were of his intimate friends and acquaintances; those who, perhaps, knew him best and longest in this city. He was my companion at my home. He entered upon the study of the law in the office of Judge Porter upon the same day as that upon which I entered. We were companions in that office. We came before the Board of Examiners at the same time. We together appeared before the Court of Common Pleas, and together, with our hands upon the same Bible, had administered to us the oath of office as attorneys of that court. And I well remember the solemn and impressive way in which Mr. Hancock, who was then the clerk of the court, administered to us that oath; and I am sure that all who are here to-day will agree with me when I say that if any man religiously, conscientiously, and fully discharged the solemn obligation thus imposed, Mr. Morris did. After admission to the Bar, our paths in a measure diverged. Our intimacy was not so great as theretofore, but our intercourse was not interrupted. Mr. Morris soon developed those qualities which always insure success. He had, unquestionably, unusual natural ability. This, united with his untiring industry, his systematic and careful study, and his unflinching loyalty to his clients, would, had he been spared, have secured for him a position of eminence such as is attained and attainable by few.

With your permission, I will offer the following resolutions:

Resolved,—First, That the members of the Bar of Philadelphia heard with deep regret of the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Charles E. Morris, and are keenly sensible of the loss thereby suffered by them and by this community.

Second, That they hereby testify to the upright character, pure Christian life, and faithful devotion to duty of the deceased, as well as to the unusual ability displayed by him as a lawyer,—qualities which, during his comparatively brief career, had secured for him not only the esteem and affection of those intimately acquainted with him, but also a high reputation as a lawyer, and the respect of all who, to any extent, were associated with him or knew him.

Third, That a committee be appointed, to consist of five gentlemen, to be selected by the Chair, and the officers of this meeting, to convey to the family of the deceased a copy of these resolutions, and to express to them our deep sympathy in their bereavement.

HON. WILLIAM A. PORTER said:

These resolutions having been offered by his fellow-student, it seems proper that his former preceptor in the law should second them. My own mind naturally runs back, on an occasion like this, a great many years. Some forty years ago, one of the most prominent judicial names in Pennsylvania was that of Judge Thomas Burnside. He is the first person I can remember, next to my own parents. Going into court day after day as a child, and seeing him on the Bench administering the law, I can distinctly recall his manner and appearance. He was a great Nisi Prius judge. It never has happened to me to see any man whom I thought better fitted to adapt the law to the practical affairs of men than Judge Burnside. When he came to the Bench of the Supreme Court he was a very aged man, with his physical powers somewhat weakened, and he was not in a condition of bodily health to do himself complete justice as a judge of that court; but as a Nisi Prius judge, there was no lawyer in the State of Pennsylvania who did not fully and thoroughly know his character and appreciate it. He was the grandfather of Charles E. Morris, and there were many respects in which the latter resembled that distinguished man. His father, Mr. William E. Morris, started in life some forty years ago as a civil engineer. He was in his profession a most accomplished man. At the age of about twenty-four or twenty-five, a very important work was committed to him in assisting to locate a railroad over the Allegheny mountains, called the Portage Railroad. That railroad was intended to take up boats on this side of the mountain and set them down on the other side, by means of a series of planes; and I have frequently understood from engineers that the father of the gentleman whose death is now so much lamented was entitled to much of the credit of the success of that great work. Some twenty-five years ago, Mr. William E. Morris came to Philadelphia and took charge of the Germantown and Norristown Railroad Company. The stock of that company had before that time been selling at about one dollar and fifty cents per share, but when Mr. Morris left it, at the end of about fifteen years, it was selling at from sixty to seventy dollars per share. He left that road in consequence of an invitation from some gentlemen in New York, to take charge of the Long Island Railroad, which had then almost entirely broken down; but in the course of ten years, under his management, the stock of that company rose to some fifty dollars per share. These are simply facts to show that the father of this deceased gentleman was himself a very uncommon man. He took throughout his life the greatest pleasure in the training of this son. The boy was his beloved companion, and a great deal of the exactness which gentlemen who are here know of, and will speak of,—a great deal of the care in the management of property committed to him, was derived from the instructions of his father. Early in life, Mr. Charles E. Morris was sent to Williams College, then under the care of the celebrated Mark Hopkins, whose reputation is national. He took much notice of the pupil, frequently giving him counsel in addition to the ordinary instruction. After spending three or four years at that college, young Morris graduated with distinguished honors. He was known then by everybody who knew him as a most conscientious and diligent student, thoroughly and completely mastering everything which he undertook to learn. Having known him as a child, when he came with his now venerable mother to my office, and the request was made to me to take charge of his legal education, I need scarcely say that, having had these associations with his grandfather and his father, I accepted the trust with great pleasure; for, as you know, Mr. Chairman, it is a great trust. The future character of a lawyer is largely committed to the hands of the person whose office he enters as a student, and I need not say that I took great satisfaction in giving to Mr. Morris all the instruction I was able to impart. He early evinced an aptitude for the most difficult parts of the law,—real estate and trusts, and branches of that kind;—and I found that he never was content without knowing everything that could be learned on any part of the law to which he turned his attention. It is proper for me to state in the presence of these young gentlemen, many of whom are rising to eminence in this profession, that Mr. Morris never desired any one to consider him a brilliant man; he never would have thought that a compliment at the hands of anybody; but he was a most exact man; he was a most careful man; he was a most diligent and conscientious inquirer into every subject committed to him. When his preceptor gave him any question to investigate, or when, afterward, any client gave him a question to investigate, either might feel sure that there was nothing that had been said on the subject that Mr. Morris had not thoroughly examined when he reported the result. That was his student-life. When he came to the Bar, of course his clients were few,—one or two perhaps the first year,—but gradually they increased; every year a larger number of clients; every year some important business to transact; every year some trust committed to his hands; so that during the last year or two, so steadily had he increased his business that the large trust of the Southwark Foundry, which had cost some six or seven hundred thousand dollars, was committed to his hands with the most perfect belief upon the part of all interested as creditors that the duties of the office would be fully and completely discharged. He was beginning to appear more frequently in the courts. It is to me one of the most melancholy facts connected with this event that I had arranged with him to appear on this very day before the Supreme Court, and argue a case. Within a week of his death, we had sat discussing the points on which the case ought to be put, and the line of argument to be observed. If his life had been spared, his success would have continued, and would have increased every year, just as in the case of every man who will honestly, constantly, faithfully, and conscientiously discharge those duties which are from time to time committed to him.

But there was a phase of his character which those who knew him best know transcended all that I have said. He was a deeply religious-minded man. He had all his life given much thought to that most important of all subjects, and shortly after his admission to the Bar, he took charge of a very large enterprise in the southern part of the city, in which several hundred children have been from year to year gathered together under the title of the Hollond Memorial Sabbath-school. Although you could not have discovered it, and although those of you who did not know him intimately well would never have heard from him that he was engaged in any such work, and never would have known that it was absorbing his thoughts, yet those who knew him intimately knew that on this his attention was constantly fixed, and that it was one of the great objects of his life that that enterprise should succeed. When a few months ago he consulted a physician about his health, and the physician, after a thorough examination, said to him, "You must abandon that work, and you are not to enter that Sabbath-school again," it was as severe a blow to him as it would be to an ordinary man to strip him of his property, or to rob him of his honor. He came at once to me, and, with a great deal of emotion, said, "I have been consulting Dr. Meigs, and he has told me that I am not to enter the Sabbath-school again, and that I must give it over for the present. It is so peremptory and so positive that I do not understand it; but it seems to be necessary." He exhibited so much feeling that I distinctly remember now his sitting a considerable time in profound silence, as if the great work of his life had been interrupted. I, of course, endeavored to cheer him, for I supposed it was some temporary matter, and that some relaxation or some absence from the city would restore him to his usual health. But it was not to be so. There was a fatal malady preying upon him which no medicine could relieve. Yet no man discovered that in daily intercourse with him. Until within one week of his death, he was as diligent in the preparation of his arguments, and in the preparation of an answer in equity which he had on hand, and in the performance of his daily duties, as if no such communication had been made to him. Sir, his hope had been anchored in a very sure place,—fast by the Eternal Throne itself. Death to such a man is nothing. It is the mere translation from this world of trouble and sorrow to that world where there is no sorrow, and where God himself shall wipe the tears from off all faces. I confess that my sympathies go out strongly to his young and accomplished wife, so soon visited with this great calamity. My sympathies also go out strongly to that bereaved mother. It is only a short time since the daughter of my old and beloved friend, Judge Burnside, sat at the table with her husband, holding pleasant conversation with him, when he bowed his head, as one would do in invoking the Divine blessing, and never raised it. He was gone in the twinkling of an eye. It is only a short time since her only daughter was taken by a very sudden illness. Now comes this terrible blow in the death of a son on whom her hopes had been so largely fixed. But, sir, I know that there is a God, and I know that He is the

God of the widow and the fatherless. I raise my unworthy hands and invoke for them those consolations which He only can give.

Hon. John K. Findlay said:

I rarely lift my voice on these melancholy occasions, leaving it to others more able than myself to depict the characters and to pay respect to the memories of those who depart from amongst us. But I cannot be silent now, though I almost fear to speak. But one short week ago from yesterday, Charles E. Morris appeared before me as the auditor of that assigned estate to which Judge Porter has alluded, to give testimony in regard to the responsibility and the labor which attended his duties, which he gave with singular clearness and with logical order and arrangement, and, when he bade me good-by, to take his wife, whom, he said, had not been well, to Atlantic City the next day, I little thought that would be the last time my eyes would rest upon his genial features. But it was, and I am, perhaps, the one outside of his family who last saw him.

Mr. Morris was a man upon whom his Heavenly Father—for he was a son of God—had bestowed gifts liberally, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. To speak of his integrity, his honesty, his high-toned sense of honor,—his were invested with that panoply against which the fiery darts of the adversary impinge in vain; his rested upon the strength of Him that rolls the stars along. Intellectually, a man of quick apprehension, of clear conception, and of logical order and arrangement; and last, though perhaps not the least of the gifts of an advocate, possessed of a most charming, sweet, and musical voice. How often have I heard it blending in sweet harmony with a dear sister's, she too, alas, now no more! As to his deep religious sense, all who knew him believed it not upon his tongue but in his life. Judge Porter has spoken of his management of the Hollond Memorial Sabbath-school, a place where I have had the pleasure of meeting your Honor; and all who have been associated with him in that enterprise can bear testimony not only to the love of it which he had, but to the wondrous capacity and tact with which he managed it. I never heard him say one angry word to the children; scarcely have I ever heard him rebuke one of them, and yet, when he tapped his bell or made a request, those seven or eight hundred children became us quiet as a church. And why? they obeyed him because they loved him, and they could not help loving him from the conduct which he pursued toward them.

I shall not detain your Honor nor the meeting very long. This man, whom we all loved, because he was a man to be loved, has departed from us, and there is a cloud of sorrow that has lowered upon that, but lately, happy, happy home. But there is a glorious light behind it, unseen by mortal eye, that fringes it with silver. But here are friends weeping tears. Here the tenderest ties have been rudely severed. Here are lacerated hearts. Here is a sweet and charming wife and a venerable Pennsylvania matron weeping over their dead. But, with all this, around the departure of such a man is a halo of glory. O death, that causes all this weeping and laceration of hearts, where, for him, is thy sting? O insatiate and inexorable grave, that will soon contain only that which could die, he is thy victor, not thy victim. Oh, it seems to me that upon the Christian's departure from this world, to have his resurgant soul receive a crown from his Saviour, no gloom can surround it. Methinks, it is as if the angels, bending their lovely forms over the battlements of the celestial city, and smiling with complacency upon a nature and a life like their own, had beckoned him to their companionship.

HON. WILLIAM S. PEIRCE said:

Death has been busy in Philadelphia recently. The leaders of society have been falling all around us, and from the pulpit and the bench, the bar, the schools of medicine, and the ranks of the military, there have gone forth those who have joined that innumerable caravan whose march is beyond the tomb; and now, this morning, we are called to mourn one in the very prime of life,—in the outset of his professional career,—one of the younger members of our profession. It seems, in such a case as this, that the order of nature is inverted. We expect that the younger will pay to us, the more advanced in age, the last offices of respect and affection; and yet we, who are the older, come and gather around the tomb of our younger brother, sad, sad indeed, to pay to him the last offices of friendship and of love. There are greater calamities than death, but death is the universal sorrow. There is no household where it does not enter. The scars of woe inflicted by it are upon every heart, and every new death calls up older sorrows and griefs.

Mr. Morris was possessed of qualifications which eminently fitted him for the profession of the law. He had a fine sense of justice. He was a man of the purest character and life, of solid integrity, of calm demeanor, and an order of mind which enabled him to look calmly and quietly upon everything which was presented to him. He was faithful to the last degree in the discharge of his duties, and in adherence to the interests of his clients; with a fine sense of honor and obligation to the Bench and to his fellow-members of the Bar; all intensified and adorned with the bright spirit of Christianity; so that, at all points, he was armed for the duties of life and of his profession. He had that training also which is not to be learned in the schools, which you do not get from books, which you do not get from your profession. He had been trained by the sad providences and afflictions of life. A loving sister, to whom he was most thoroughly devoted, and in whom the affections of his love centred jointly with that of his mother and his father and other relatives, was borne before him to the grave. Then, again, he was called to mourn that father, stricken down in an instant, while he was absent from his home. And now again, death has entered the household. The brother and son is taken, and there are none who remain there but the mother,—the mourning and stricken mother,—and the young and devoted wife, across whose future pathway of life there has fallen a shadow dark and deep, and a little child, whose lisping tongue will never learn to prattle the name of father, to address it to him. Such is the sadness of life, and such is the sorrow which a single stroke of the hand of death brings upon the household and upon the community. And yet for him all is light and joy! For death to him is but going home. So he passeth away; but the memory of him lives, and his works live after him. Christianity with him was no by-play. It was not a thing to stand aside in a corner. His light, though it was not flared before the eyes of men, was not hidden under a bushel. Religion to him was an earnest and a life-long work. His work is ended, and so he goes quietly away to his everlasting rest and home.

C. STUART PATTERSON, Esq., said:

Mr. Morris and I were friends in boyhood. We were schoolmates. We were members of the same college society. We were trained in the same school at the Bar. How much he, and all others of that school, owe to our preceptor and his training, can never be told in words. Mr. Morris has taken off his armor in the first hour of the conflict. He has done everything at this Bar which any junior can do. He has shown his ability to grapple with the duties which, should his life have been spared, would have been placed upon him; and this Bar can ill afford to lose a man of unspotted integrity, a man of the greatest industry, and a man to whose future it looked forward with every anticipation of creditable distinction.

GEORGE JUNKIN, Esq., said:

I do not feel that I can really add anything to what has been said in respect to our friend. And yet the currents of life have, within the last year or two, thrown me somewhat intimately in connection with Mr. Morris; and I would feel that I had not discharged my duty to him and to his family if I did not, on this sad occasion, lay my tribute of love and respect on his tomb. What he was, as a young lawyer, many of those now within the hearing of my voice very well know. My intercourse with him, in that respect, has been mainly in connection with one of the large trusts, to which allusion has been already made, with which he was intimately associated, and I learned there, and in all the other matters in which I knew him, that everything that has been said here in regard to him was true. He performed his duties conscientiously, faithfully, intelligently, and with that skill that should always characterize a lawyer in the discharge of his duties. His life has now been cut off, when he had reached only the half of the ordinary lot of man. That he would have risen to a very high rank in his profession, and have merited a fame, if not equal to that of his grandfather, certainly not unworthy of it, none that knew him can doubt.

Apart from his character as a lawyer, there are some of us who knew him as a man in society. And wherever he went, he was the life and centre of that society. He always added to its charms, and brought joy wherever he went. My own mind on this sad occasion cannot help but go back to a period, not quite three years ago, when I came down the North River on one of those magnificent boats; and I then saw the weavings of those tender cords that brought together two hearts that before that time had never known each other. The result was a union, the joys of which, and the beauties of which, I know that you yourself, Mr. Chairman, have observed; and my heart cannot but go forth in most tender sympathy to that household over which this dreadful shadow has passed. He was brought by that intercourse into a circle in which I have been accustomed to move myself, and, therefore, I can speak with feeling of the void which has thus been made by his sudden transfer from our midst. It was a dreadful shock to us to learn that, on last Monday morning, he had been so suddenly translated; and yet, as he who has preceded me has said, for him there need be no sorrow, because he walked with God, and like Enoch of old was not, "for God took him."

EDWIN S. DIXON, ESQ., said:

To feel called upon on this occasion to add in words to the memory of one so near and dear to me is the greatest trial of my life. Charles E. Morris was *my friend* at this Bar, and for me to attempt to speak of his goodness and his noble character would require days, not minutes; for I knew him in his family as a son and a brother, then as a husband and a father, and as a teacher and a friend. I have lived and travelled with him summer after summer. I knew him in his family circle and in his social sphere, with his pleasures and his trials. And at all times he was a kind and genial man; a bright and buoyant spirit; supporting those around him; loved and respected by all who knew him. He bore his trials without a murmur, and thanked God for every blessing. He was a worker in the cause of Christ; an honest Christian man.

In addition to his many virtues, and his high moral and social position, he was a man of fine legal attainments. He was a careful student, a close observer, a good and methodical worker, an able advocate, and a safe counsellor.

Mr. Chairman, I had the honor, for such I esteem it, of being with Charles E. Morris in the first case he argued before you as one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of this State. And after hearing his very able, exhaustive, and convincing argument, you delivered the opinion of the court sustaining him upon every point he contended for. And you, sir, will remember the fine legal acumen and thorough mastery of his case he displayed in that argument when hard pressed by our present Chief Justice, Sharswood, upon the subject of railroad engineering, and the clearness with which he dispelled all doubts upon the subject from the mind of the court. That was one of my many pleasant engagements with him. But the saddest one for me appears upon my diary for to-morrow at three o'clock, "meet Charles E. Morris." When I felt the shock in seeing that appointment, I was most forcibly impressed with the sorrow in his family, his bereaved mother and his young wife with her lovely babe, who have engagements with him every day. There is where the sorrow comes. There is where the loss is felt. Our sorrow may be great, but we can seek relief in the busy world. But his family must take the burden of sorrow, and seek consolation in the fact that Charles E. Morris was a good and faithful servant of the Lord, his work was done, and he was prepared to die.

Mr. Justice Gordon said:

In justice to my own feelings, I cannot omit this opportunity to say a few words in memory of the dear young friend whom God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has so suddenly taken from us. For several years past I have been intimately acquainted with Charles E. Morris, and my esteem for him increased with my knowledge. I can say from my heart, I have known few young men so thoroughly true to all the duties of life; possessing so noble a manhood, and who so literally feared God and eschewed evil. I have had the privilege of being with him frequently in his home,—a home so full of peace and Divine love and happiness that it could only be bettered by heaven itself; and it is enough to say—all, indeed, that can be said—that he was an essential part of that home, and that it can never be without him what it was with him.

We can ill afford to lose such young men, and when they are taken from us we are humbled and broken-hearted, for we feel that the blow falls not only upon ourselves, but upon the Church and State; upon the public at large. It is infinitely sad to follow to the grave one like this, our young brother, so full of rich promise, so suddenly cut off. The old fall like shocks of corn, fully ripe, before the sickle of the great reaper; it is in the order of things; we expect it; but when the young die we are smitten with unwonted sorrow and with consternation, and we would fain ask, even of the Almighty Himself, Why is this? Why is this one cut down with all the promise of manhood upon him? Could not the hand of Azrael be stayed? Must he thus snatch from us our most precious things? Why should he cover our souls with sack-cloth, and shroud us in the blackness of darkness?

Ah, Lord God! we can but sit in the dust and keep silence before Thee. Our friend and brother, sadly we bid thee farewell; but ere we depart, we write this upon thy tomb, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

The resolutions were agreed to, and the chairman appointed as the committee to carry them into effect Hon. William A. Porter, Hon. John K. Findlay, Hon. William S. Peirce, George Junkin, and Charles E. Morgan, Esqs.

Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

MEMORIAL MEETING AT HOLLOND SABBATH-SCHOOL.

On the evening of Sunday, 16th February, 1879, a Memorial Service was held in the chapel of the Hollond School, designed principally for the scholars and congregation connected with it.

The exercises were conducted by Rev. Mr. Sharpe, pastor of the Mission, and included addresses by prominent workers in that and other Sunday-schools.

Robert H. Hinckley, Jr., Esq., Superintendent of Chambers's Sunday-school, spoke as follows:

I never felt so deeply on any occasion, in my speaking from this platform, as I do to-night. I have frequently been in this building, but never under circumstances such as surround us at this time.

I well remember the last time I was here. I remember the earnest words of Mr. Morris; and when the meeting was over, many of you may recall how he gathered us to the right of the stand here, and we had a few earnest prayers for God's blessing on the exercises of the evening.

It has been said that I knew Mr. Morris as a lawyer. I did. I was present in court when his honored preceptor, Judge Porter, moved for his admission to the bar. I heard Mr. Morris take the solemn oath to behave himself in the office of attorney with all due fidelity as well to the court as to the client. I heard his *last* argument, delivered quite recently before the Orphans' Court, and during all this interval I knew him; and well did he live up to the oath he took. He was an honorable counsellor; he was a good man and a just one. No client ever left his office without feeling that his case was in safe and trusted hands.

It was not only in the walks of professional life, however, that we were associated. We were co-workers in the cause of the Sabbath-school. When I ceased to teach in the Bethany School, and gave up a class of boys, well grown up, for other duties, Mr. Morris succeeded me, and there could have been no one better fitted for the work. Mr. Wanamaker is here, and he can tell you how he taught; but his ability as an organizer soon found higher fields, and his efforts soon brought Hollond Memorial School into being. It was my pleasure to follow him here. There was no place I loved so much to go to as the Hollond Memorial School, in response to his kind invitations; and there were few places I visited with so much benefit to myself. You know how he worked here. He did nothing by halves, and I don't wonder that you loved him. Your tears shed when you heard of his death, and your tears shed here to-night, do you honor. He was worthy of them; but why weep and mourn? Allow me to read you from 2 Samuel xii. 20–23:

> "Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came into the house of the Lord, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat. Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child, while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."

So, my dear scholars, Mr. Morris cannot come back to you. You would not call him back from his heavenly home, but you can go to him. You say you loved him, and I know you did; and if I was to ask any and all of you to do something for him, you would do it. I think I hear you say, If he had only left me a message, if he had spent the last moments of his precious life in writing me a few lines, how willingly I would comply with his request! Now, my dear scholars, this is the message for you,—"*I shall go to him.*" Will you?

We cannot explain God's dealing with the sons of men. We cannot understand why a man of Mr. Morris's usefulness should be stricken down; and all human arguments must fail to establish a reason for it; but God has His own plans and purposes, and it may be that his death is the message for the souls of some here to-night. Often and often you have heard him exhort you from this desk, and his words had no effect. They seemed each time you heard them only to further harden your heart. Then God tried another way. Mr. Morris's voice is hushed in death, as if God by the very stillness of his voice would appeal to you,—yes, dear scholars, appeal to you,—now in the hour of your sorrow, when your hearts are touched, to obey the call for mercy and to set your minds on going to *him* in the bright and beautiful mansions God has prepared among the glories and beauties of which your beloved superintendent to-night rejoices.

LEWIS H. REDNER, Esq., Superintendent of Holy Trinity Memorial School, said:

How our hearts well up with tender and sacred feelings, as we commemorate to-night the life and labors of one to whom we were united in the bonds of Christian affection!

If I were to select an epitaph on Charles E. Morris, it would be the tribute of Luke to the faithful Barnabas, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles: " He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." The name by interpretation is the " son of consolation;" and whether we use " consolation" in its general acceptation as meaning comfort and refreshment, and think of our beloved Morris as he cheered and refreshed you in his labor of love, or interpret the word in the original as meaning exhortation, as he " exhorted and comforted and charged every one of you as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His kingdom and glory,"—we can truly call him our spiritual Barnabas and say, " He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord." He was a good man. There is a mighty power in goodness, and it pervaded the life of our departed friend and brother. He had a noble nature for grace to build upon, or rather for grace to sanctify. Kindness, charity, and benevolence were the three graces that most adorned his life. Religion with him was more than a belief in creeds and dogmas,—it was a living, vitalizing principle. All the energies of his body, all the powers of his mind, all the affections of his soul were dedicated to the service of the Master. His religion showed itself in the office, in the halls of justice, in the hallowed precincts of home, as well as in the Church of God.

He was firm and resolute in his convictions of duty. He never compromised with the world. No sacrifice would have been too great for him to make in defence of truth and right and high-toned principles. He had the spirit of a John Knox or Martin Luther. His strong purpose was simply to know and do God's will, and make known that will to others, irrespective of the opinions of the world.

He was a pure man. After years of the closest intimacy, I can testify that his conversation was always that which becometh the gospel of Christ. I always felt strengthened in the divine life as we took sweet counsel together and walked in the house of God as friends. I never knew a purer spirit than Charles E. Morris, and never expect to meet one this side the throne of God.

His views of divine truth and the doctrines of grace were clear. Man's sinful nature and his inability to save himself; the finished work of Jesus as an atonement for sin; the sovereignty of God in the conversion of the sinner; the imputation of sin to the Saviour as He died for man's redemption; the imputation of righteousness to the believer as he accepts the Saviour; and the work of the Holy Ghost in renewing and sanctifying the heart,—all these doctrines were dear to him, and with all he believed in the perfect simplicity of the gospel; the sinner coming to Christ by simple faith, and the readiness of Christ to receive all who come.

In a word, Charles E. Morris was a consecrated man. When he bowed in humble penitence at the foot of the Cross, it was a complete surrender of body, soul, and spirit to the love and service of God. His cry was that of Paul, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and for him to live was Christ.

He was full of the Holy Ghost. His convictions of sin were deep; the new birth was to him a reality; and his Christian life was adorned with the fruits of the Spirit. He deeply felt the need of this divine agent, as he carried on the Sunday-school work of this chapel. When the religious wave passed over this city in the year 1877, and sinners were roused to their sinful condition, and believers strengthened in their faith, how earnestly he invoked and relied upon the sacred influences of the Holy Spirit for a blessing on this portion of God's Zion!

And he was full of faith. He had full confidence in the truth and promises of God's Word. Realizing that his own strength was perfect weakness, he depended wholly on the strength of the arm of God. His strong faith was the great secret of his success. The work was God's. His promises were yea and amen, and no obstacles were too great to overcome the fulfilment of those promises; and while Mr. Morris thus depended on the Almighty arm, he brought all the activities of his mind in harmony with the same. His was indeed a living faith which worketh by love. And as we thus think of our departed friend, we can say, "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith: and much people was added unto the Lord."

We stand to-night, as it were, on the border-land, with the heavenly Beulah open before us. We can almost catch the strains of heavenly music, as the white-robed choir sing their anthem of "Glory and honor and praise and power to Him who sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever." And do we not feel to-night the oneness of the Christian Church? There is good theology in the hymn we sing:

"One family we dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death."

Yes! it is a glorious truth that the Church of Christ is one. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." These are the words of Jesus, and if they mean anything they mean that eternal life is born in the soul when it accepts His salvation, and death cannot destroy this life. Paul says, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord." How near this thought brings us to those who have fallen asleep in Christ! If our spiritual eyes were opened this night, we could see that throng, which no man can number, adoring the same Saviour which the living saint praises on earth. Well may the angels, who know nothing by experience of the depth of redeeming love, gaze in wonder at the sight. "I looked," writes John in the Apocalypse, "and lo! a Lamb stood on the Mount Sion, and with Him a hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the elders: and no man could learn that song but the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth." Into the shining ranks of the redeemed, our beloved Morris has entered. And we stand on the brink of the river, and take up the refrain of Elisha as his Master was caught up, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof." But on whom will his mantle fall? Who will be animated with his spirit, and carry on the work which he laid down? Who in this congregation will be baptized for the dead? You may not have all the characteristics which centred in Mr. Morris,—they seldom meet in one man,—but you can be baptized with the same spirit of consecration. The broken ranks of Christ's army must be closed up with consecrated men and women. Who will follow Mr. Morris in a holy life, as he followed his Master, Christ?

This solemn and impressive providence of God teaches a lesson to every person connected with this chapel. It speaks tenderly and affectionately to the children of the Sunday-school and members of the Bible-classes; for he loved you all.

Mr. Morris became a Christian early in life. He gave his best years to Christ. The prayers of a pious mother were answered in the life of a consecrated son. Oh, what power there is in a mother's prayers! How John Newton, the debauchee and blasphemer, cried out at his conversion, "My mother's God have mercy on me!" Dear children and members of the Bible-classes, how often your dear superintendent carried your names to the mercy-seat! Then seek Jesus now, in the morning of life, while your hearts are impressible. Seek Him with your whole heart, and then, whether death comes to you early or late in life, you will be eternally happy.

And this solemn providence teaches a solemn lesson to the teachers and workers in this chapel. Let your loins be girded and your lights burning. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find watching. Labor more earnestly to bring souls to Christ. Teach the Word simply, earnestly, affectionately. Let the great object of your teaching be the conversion of the soul to Christ, and the building up of holy character. Every soul saved through your influence will be a star in your crown of rejoicing. Think of a starless crown in heaven! We cannot think of a lost soul in heaven, but how sad the thought of a starless crown in heaven,—to enter the pearly gates feeling that we never turned one soul thither! Let it be your aim to turn many to righteousness, and then you will shine as stars in the firmament, for ever and ever. Be consecrated in heart and life. Let holiness be impressed on your heart, as it was engraven on the mitre of Aaron. Live what you teach by a holy example. Pray for and with your children, that they may come to the Saviour, and be folded in the arms of His mercy.

I can say no more to-night. My voice fails me as I think of the sweet associations which cluster round the life of my dear friend. I mourn the thought that I am never again to hold communion with him on earth. But we will meet beyond the river, and in the Father's home sit down together to the marriage supper of the Lamb. In closing, my thoughts centre on the great work Mr. Morris did here. This beautiful chapel, erected through the exertions of our friend, will sooner or later crumble into dust; but the character formed here by Charles E. Morris will live forever.

Beloved Morris! I say farewell. The Church will mourn thy loss, and friends will bedew thy grave with tears of affection. But we will not sorrow as those who have no hope, for "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

WILLIAM W. PORTER, Esq., said:

We have come together to-night, my friends, to sorrow for one who has been suddenly taken from our very midst. So strong are the ties that bind the members of this Hollond Memorial Mission together, that they seem to be one great family. Now from its very bosom is one gone, and he its head. No matter how insignificant a life, some heart is left empty by its termination, but the greater the life, the more that vacancy is felt. The death of a little child may make but one household sad; the death of one who has with years added to the numbers of his friends must necessarily cast a wider circle of gloom. To-night this house, crowded with those who have come to show their affection for Mr. Morris, and their grief at his death, must assure us of the greatness—the true greatness—of the life that he has lived. But though we may weep for our loss, I am sure that the cloud is not without its golden border. To me there comes a deep feeling of thankfulness amid it all. Thankfulness that we have seen such a life, thankfulness for the lessons it teaches, thankfulness for the encouragement it gives. Why should we mourn? Is not our loss his eternal gain? If there be a reward beyond the grave, surely Mr. Morris has received it. If the Creator of men takes pleasure in a life devoted to His service, surely He has pronounced the blessing, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and even now has our friend entered into the joy of his Lord.

Some of us have known Mr. Morris for many years. Not a few can recall him as superintendent while this school met in a much smaller room than this, and his hard work there. Soon the school became too large for its little hall. Then were means found, mainly by Mr. Morris's exertions, to erect this beautiful building. Surely the work of the Lord prospered in his hands. Not only in its external improvement was the school growing, but its members grew more and more interested in the work. It needs but these few words to call up in our minds innumerable instances of earnest work, of personal kindness, and I need say no more. Yet there is one thing we should do at such a time as this, and that is to look for the lessons that such a life teaches us. This is a season when we are all thinking seriously; and if by the very sadness caused by his death, good is done, Mr. Morris has not lived in vain. If we are really true to ourselves, we can draw from such a life the lessons we most need. He speaks even now, both by precept and example. He said *work*, and he himself worked hard, faithfully, and in faith. Shall the lesson go unheeded? He spoke to those not of the household of faith. Often has he spoken from this very platform to some of those whom I see before me to-night, asking you to give up the life you are living, and to turn in the days of your youth to your Creator, and to-night these walls seem to echo that appeal. Are you listening to-night to the voice of his entreaty?

I AM glad to make a brief contribution to the Memorial Volume which is to be inscribed with the name of CHARLES E. MORRIS. A most fitting thing it is that such a volume should be prepared. The Philadelphia Bar, deploring the early death of one who gave promise of rising to the front rank of his profession, has lavished eloquent eulogy upon his intellectual power, his rare attainments, and his spotless integrity. Happily for himself and for the world, while loving and adorning the profession of his choice, he had never regarded its honors and emoluments as the *chief* end of life. Led by the Divine Spirit, he had dedicated his legal acquisitions, his literary culture, his warm affections, and his fine social accomplishments to the service of the SAVIOUR. Beyond a question, the religious element in his nature was the controlling element. It was this which moulded his character, shaped his plans, regulated his daily conduct, and gave tone to his whole life. He made no ostentatious parade of his piety; but one could not be long with him, in whatever sphere, without feeling that the cause of Christ was with him the great interest,—the one supreme thing which enlisted all his sympathies, and was the main-spring of his vivacity, his energy, and his happiness.

Others have duly commemorated the singleness of purpose, the inflexible fidelity, the patience, the perseverance, the rare tact and wisdom with which he administered the affairs of the Hollond Memorial Sunday-school. That school was with him at once a child of his affections and a sacred trust. He watched over it with unwearied and tender care. He planted and watered and nourished it as a field which might be made to yield generous harvests for the Master's garners. And it did this. There was continually upon it "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed." He and his efficient corps of teachers were not only permitted to sow the seed, but, far beyond the common privilege of such laborers, to gather also the golden sheaves.

That Mission will be his lasting memorial on earth, and its fruits will meet him in heaven.

There are many things, as others have pointed out, which individualize MR. MORRIS's life and character. But the marked distinction which sheds lustre upon his name is this, viz.: that a young *lawyer*, endowed with superior natural and acquired gifts, engaged in a large and growing practice, and with reason looking forward to the high rewards of jurisprudence, should persistently keep the earthly in subordination to the spiritual, and cheerfully dedicate so much of his time, and study, and toil to his Sunday-school work. Here we have presented to us a spectacle unfortunately as rare as it is beautiful and impressive. And this it is which will keep his memory fresh and green, long after the names of many of his professional contemporaries who have lived for themselves only, and not for CHRIST, shall have been forgotten. Let the rising men of the Bar ponder and emulate the bright example.

HENRY A. BOARDMAN.

MINUTE OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE TENTH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, held on Tuesday evening, March 23, 1879, the following minute was unanimously adopted:

"The Board of Trustees of the Tenth Presbyterian Church have heard of the decease of their associate, Charles E. Morris, with the deepest sorrow, as they feel they have lost one of the most efficient and valuable members of their body.

"His uniformly good judgment and keen discrimination in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Church in all its interests, led the members of the Board to feel that in him they had a wise and able counsellor, and one whose opinions were so well considered and carefully formed as to make them of great value to their body.

"His strongly positive character manifested itself especially in the course taken by him in relation to the acceptance of the legacy of Miss Hollond for the purpose of building a new mission-school. It is well remembered by the members of the Board that at the meeting in December, 1872, when a gloomy condition of the Church's finances greatly perplexed them, and a long time was spent in devising ways and means, that after the matter had been disposed of for the evening, Mr. Morris introduced a resolution pledging the trustees to the acceptance of the legacy, one-half of the time limited by the will having then expired. This resolution was followed shortly after by the earnest efforts of Mr. Morris, as chairman of the building committee appointed by virtue of his resolution, which resulted eventually in the purchase of the lot at Federal and Clarion Streets and the erection of the Mission-School building, all at a cost of about thirty-five thousand dollars, without any debt. This building is acknowledged by all to be, in all of its appointments, one of the most complete and elegant buildings for its purpose that could have been erected. It is due to Mr. Morris to say that, humanly speaking, had it not been for his leadership, his energy, his earnestness, his firmness of purpose, and his unwavering faith, this building would never have been erected. There were many who felt that it would be impossible to raise the needed additions to Miss Hollond's legacy to accomplish the purpose; but Mr. Morris seemed to have no fears concerning it. Although there were two others upon the committee, yet the labor, the care, the watching of the progress of the building, and the devising of ways and means, fell principally or nearly altogether on Mr. Morris.

"Of his rare qualities of administrative ability and power of organization, together with all the other powers he possessed, which gave him such prominence as a Sabbath-school superintendent, we need not now speak. His fellow-workers at the Mission, the teachers and officers, have given their tribute in that respect. He was a power wherever he might direct his efforts. It was so not only in his school, but also in his Church. Whatsoever his hand found to do, he did with his might.

"We cannot close, however, without referring to his private Christian character. One who abounded in good works as he did must needs be a Christian, but those who knew Mr. Morris most intimately can testify that his was a life of extraordinary faith and love for his Saviour. The work for Him was always before him, and he was always thinking of it, always ready to talk about it. He was always ready to give words of comfort to those who came to him inquiring as to their all-important interests.

"In conclusion, the members of the Board feel that they have suffered a deep personal loss, and they join in sorrow with the bereaved mother and wife, and express their great sympathy for them in this trial, which God in His mysterious providence has seen fit to send upon them.

"On motion it was resolved, that the Secretary be requested to transmit a copy of this minute to the family of Mr. Morris."

From the minutes, March 25, 1879.

R. CRESSWELL, *Secretary.*

MEETING OF OFFICERS AND TEACHERS OF HOLLOND MEMORIAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

At a meeting of the officers and teachers of the Hollond Memorial Sunday-school, held at the chapel, on Thursday evening, February 20, 1879, the following minute was unanimously adopted, and a copy ordered to be presented to the family of their late superintendent:

"Charles E. Morris, the beloved and gifted superintendent of our Hollond Memorial Sabbath-school, departed this life Monday morning, the 10th of February, 1879, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

"The officers and teachers would give expression (if words can express it) to the sorrow with which this mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, calling him in his youth and full vigor of his faculties to his rest, has filled our hearts.

"The Young Men's Christian Association will miss an earnest fellow-laborer; the Board of Trustees of our Church a valuable colleague; the Church a member who adorned, by an humble, earnest, and active life, the doctrine of his God and Saviour; his brethren of the Bar, an honored and honorable member, rising fast, young as he was, to professional eminence; but we miss him most of all others, with the exception of that sad and desolate home where his loved ones weep.

"Here we will miss the wondrous gifts which his Heavenly Father bestowed upon him, which he consecrated to His service, and where we felt we had a superintendent who had scarcely a peer.

"And if we look for the source of that magnetic influence which silenced the hum of young voices and chained their attention to all he said; of those gifts which so fitted him for his work, so endeared him to officers and teachers; we will find it in his sincere and fervent piety, in a faith working by love, in his close walk with God, in his love for the children, and his earnestness in his endeavors, with the blessing of God, to bring them into the fold; his sunny, cheerful disposition; his refined pleasantry, which made him so delightful a companion, and which gave such a charm to our social reunions, which from the platform lighted the upturned faces of the children with a smile, but used with great discretion, without one word of levity or irreverence unbecoming the place where he stood.

"Can we ever forget those reviews of the lessons which he made from the platform; the perfect mastery of the subject, the eloquence inspired by love to God, and love for the souls of those children, so dear to his loving, sympathizing heart, and the tones of that clear, musical voice?

"Can we ever forget his wise counsels and plans, his affectionate exhortations in the teachers' meetings? Can we ever forget our delightful association with him as a friend and superintendent?

"No! we will ever remember with gratitude to God the many gifts and graces which so eminently fitted him for his work, and so endeared him to us.

"We will endeavor to follow the example of that pure, peaceful, Christian life, which flowed like a calm and placid river, covering its banks with verdure, reflecting the heavens on its bosom, unstained with bigotry or uncharitableness, unbroken by the rapids and cataracts of fanaticism.

"On that never-to-be-forgotten Thursday of last week, we looked through our tears upon his face, bearing an expression so calm and peaceful, as if the 'Sweet, sweet rest in Jesus' was reflected from heaven upon it.

"Alas! that face we loved to look upon, we shall see no more. We will hold him in grateful memory, and thank God for what he was to us.

"We bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, as he taught us by his example to do.

"We mingle our tears with his loved ones: they are our loved ones too.

"The God of comfort, 'whose they are, and whom they serve,' bless and support them in this heavy sorrow.

"Thank God, their sorrow is not the sorrow without hope. He has 'fallen asleep in Jesus.'

"'So fades the summer cloud away,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So sinks the wind, when storms are o'er,
So dies the wave along the shore.'"

MINUTE OF THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

"CHARLES E. MORRIS has been called to his last home. His fellow-laborers of the Board of Managers of the Young Men's Christian Association, deeply admiring and loving his manliness and his Christian worth, desire to put on record the following slight token of their appreciation of such characteristics, as a comfort to themselves and a tribute to their friend.

"Among us he was a man of mark. Permeated with a love of his Master, and with an intense desire to further the interests of his Master's kingdom, he considered no task in Association work too hard to perform. His influence was always positive for good among the young men with whom he came in contact. Loving them as a Christian philanthropist, his highest aim was always the spiritual growth of the Association and of its individual members.

"At the meetings of the Board, his very presence brought fresh life among us. With a sharp, clear, legal mind, the pith of any and every question touching the Association's temporal and spiritual welfare was in his grasp, and although always determined upon a position assumed, no one of our number yielded with better Christian spirit to the will of the majority.

"Among the thousands that have mourned him, ill, too, can we spare his loss. The firm pressure of his hand as he met us with Christian greeting, and his cheery voice, have inspired many of us to brighter hopes for our Association's future, when the hour of our trial was the darkest.

"His sound common sense and clear judgment have assisted us through many intricate ways.

"And last, but not least, our dear *friend* has gone. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

JNO. WANAMAKER, *President.*
JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN, *Chairman.*
THOMAS TOLMAN.
J. ELLIOT CONDICT.

MINUTE OF THE PHILADELPHIA BIBLE SOCIETY.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Philadelphia Bible Society, held on March 14, 1879, the following minute was presented by Mr. T. E. Harper, and on motion adopted, and ordered to be entered on the records, and a copy transmitted to Mrs. Charles E. Morris:

"The Managers of the Philadelphia Bible Society having learned of the decease of their late fellow-member, Charles E. Morris, Esq., desire to place on record their testimonial to his piety and worth, and their sincere regret at the loss to the good work which his death has occasioned.

"Charles E. Morris, though quite a young man, long ago, by his ardent zeal in the service of his God and of his fellow-man, won for himself a high position as a Christian patriot. In his chosen life profession, his rare talents, his culture and diligence gave him high rank; and when his legal associates gather together, there are few who will be more sadly missed from their active membership.

"In Christian work he stood foremost, and his devotion to God's work among the youth of our city has monuments not only in the noble institution, 'The Hollond Memorial,' to which he gave life and growth, but in the hearts of many to whom he was a friend and guide.

"To us, his fellow-workers in the Bible cause, he was especially endeared by his unwavering Christian courtesy, his consistent Christian walk and example, and the earnest simplicity of his character.

"Truly, our community and the world are better for his having lived, and we desire to make good use of such an example, and follow him as he followed Christ."

Attest:

Frank K. Hipple,
Recording Secretary.

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES ELLIS MORRIS.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE BOARD OF MANAGERS OF THE LUDWICK INSTITUTE, 2D MO., 28TH, 1879.

"*Resolved*, That we have received with unfeigned sorrow the intelligence of the death of Charles Ellis Morris, one of the members of this Board.

"*Resolved*, That we record our sincere and unqualified testimony of his great worth. He has been taken from us in the prime of a life of large and increasing usefulness, characterized by untiring zeal and energy in the cause of humanity and religion, especially in the interests of the young. This Board, with laborers in other good works in which he was associated, feels that it has sustained a great loss, as its members had looked forward to continued and valuable co-operation and assistance from his excellent judgment and heartfelt sympathy.

"Above all, he was an humble Christian, exemplifying his faith by a life of singular purity and consistency, and leaving to his family and friends the precious memory of a good, honored, and just man.

"*Resolved*, That the President and Secretary of this Board convey to his family a duly attested copy of these resolutions, with the expression of our respectful sympathy with them in their bereavement."

ISAAC MORRIS,
President.

EDWIN S. DIXON,
Secretary.

MINUTE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF EDUCATION.

At a meeting of the Board of Education, held in March, 1879, the following minute was entered upon its records:

"In view of the recent death of Mr. Charles E. Morris, the members of this Board enter upon their records this minute, with sincere sorrow over their loss, and with a high appreciation of his competent and faithful services to the Church in connection with this Board.

"Though cut down in his early manhood, he had not failed to make his mark as a Christian and worker. His efforts to impart Sabbath-school instruction were not only zealous, but also judicious and conspicuous for their success. In all his relations to the Church he was earnest, sincere, spiritual, and active.

"In his position as a member of this Board he rendered valuable assistance, and gave promise of still greater efficiency in the years before him.

"It is a pleasure to bear testimony to the Christian courtesy which always characterized his intercourse with the members of the Board, and to the candid and intelligent judgment which he brought to the consideration of the questions intrusted to it for its decision.

"The members of the Board in thus paying a tribute to the memory of Mr. Morris, also desire to express their sincere sympathy for his family in their sorrow, and to invoke upon them the consolation of the comforting Spirit."

In behalf of and by order of the Board.

D. W. Poor,
Cor. Secretary.

MINUTE OF THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Association, held on Wednesday, February 26, 1879, the following was adopted as a resolution to be spread upon the minutes:

"In the death of Mr. Charles E. Morris our Association has lost a valued friend and an honored legal adviser. We hereby express our appreciation of the services he has so generously rendered to us during the past six years; and while we lament the death of Mr. Morris, we offer to the family of our late friend our sincere sympathy in their sad loss, and especially commend to the tender mercies of a covenant-keeping God the widow who sits in the shadow of a sore bereavement."

On behalf of the Association.

J. P. Cattell,
Cor. Secretary.

LAMBDA CHAPTER, DELTA PSI.

WILLIAMSTOWN, April 22, 1879.

DEAR MADAM,—I hope the enclosed resolutions may be accepted as some slight testimonial of our appreciation of the untimely loss of our dear brother.

But few of us have had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance, but we preserve as sacred the record of his college days, now in our Chapter archives, knowing that pure lives such as his are the most precious jewels of our order.

"*Whereas*, It has seemed good to an all-wise Providence to remove from the scene of his earthly labors our dearly beloved brother in Delta Psi, Charles Ellis Morris, and

"*Whereas*, The grace and manliness of his life were such as to endear him to all who knew him, as the cherished record of his days passed among us fully testify; therefore we, the active members of the Lambda Chapter, Fraternity of Delta Psi, hereby

"*Resolve*, *First*, That we will ever revere and preserve the records and traditions of his noble life, and,

"*Second*, That we extend our sincerest sympathies to his bereaved family, assuring them that the cause of their mourning is likewise the occasion of our deep sorrow."

By order of *Λ* of *Δ Ψ*.

ALFRED H. DE CAMP.

TO MRS. C. E. MORRIS.

MEMORIES.

How sweetly through the silence that is left,
When voices we have loved are still,
Comes to the heart a sympathizing guest
Who can its vacant places fill:

How memory brings the joys of other days
To calm and soothe the present pain;
And walks beside us on deserted ways,
Whereon our friend comes not again.

And while I sit in the familiar room,
Before his desk, among his books,
There falls on me a strangeness and a gloom,
So sad, so desolate it looks;

So full of purpose utterly undone,
And pages that are half unfilled;
Like faded wreaths of victories not won,
And consummations only willed.

Until some memory, with cunning hand,
Doth lift the darkness and the pall;
And thoughts of something he has said or planned
Make sunny pictures on the wall:

Suggesting that his life has found no end
Beyond the shadow and the pain;
And the remembered features of my friend
Look kindly down and smile again.

The heart is cheered, and gladly contemplates
The finished work that he has done;
While faith looks up to him, and patience waits
To gain the summit he has won.

So, from the broken friendship that has been,
The paths to that which shall be, slope;
And the long loneliness that lies between
Is bridged by memory and hope.

Louis F. Benson.